THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, [EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 115 & 117 NASSAU ST.] NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1861. TERMS, [$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.] NO. 5.

TO A GIRL.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The echoes of thy song,
Young minstrel girl, have fallen on my heart,
And answering thoughts, a sad and gentle throng,
To life and being start.

Thy music is a bone
That hushes my worn spirit to its sleep,
And soothes it to its slumber as the moon
The surges of the deep.

A soul of fire is thine,
Thou art a new star mounting in the sky,
Whose beams, in its meridian hour, will shine
Brightly on every eye.

May heaven forever shower
Its blessings on thy spirit pure and true,
As the calm evening sheds on leaf and flower
Its soft and holy dew:

God keep thy soul from gloom,
And may thy life, with joy and beauty blest,
Bear like some virgin stream, a freight of bloom
Upon its placid breast.

May no bright hope o'er spring
Within thy heart in pensive unfulfilled,
And may'st thou never feel the spirit-wing
By autumn-tempests chilled.

Oh, may'st thou ever remain
A lay joyous and as beautiful as now,
A song-bird pouring forth her richest strain
From spring's loftiest bough.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLACK SEAL!

On the afternoon of the fifth day a letter was received from Anston, which had been posted at Manchester. He said:—"I write this by the hand of Welsh, being unable myself to guide a pen." But still he assured them that he was hopeful. He sent love to all, and asked them to pray for him. To Owen Murdock, in a postscript, he wrote:—"If old Richmond has moved into his eel, I earnestly beseech you to show him all the kindness in your power, for I believe he is deserving of it."

This letter did not afford Lorinda much comfort; and she anxiously awaited the next. It came from Litchfield; and the learned old hero at the date of its writing, four days on the road. He was still unable to guide his own pen, even to put his name at the close, which he did with much of his old boldness.

Four days more and four days afterwards came another letter. "I travel slowly," said Sir Edward, "but I travel safely. I think I am better."

It was a week before another missive came, and that was from St. Albans. In two days more a letter came from London. Sir Edward wrote that he had reached the metropolis, and had found comfortable and convenient rooms. "I am now where I can rest," he said, "and I think my prospects are bright." "Your physician," he said to Lorinda, "came in good season, and I have had pleasant dreams ever it. I hope all will come out right." This, like its predecessors, was written by the doctor; but Sir Edward had put his signature down with his own hand. It was the baronet's autograph, but not quite so bold and round as the others had been. The letters were crowded, betraying an effort of the hand to hold itself steadily upon the paper. It was not a good sign.

A week passed on, and then the postman came again. This time he brought a letter with a black seal. Lorinda's heart sank when she saw it, for she had a presentiment of its contents. Owen Murdock opened it, for to him was it addressed. It was from Adam Willet. It was short and heavy. He wrote that Sir Edward was dead—that he died calmly, and had been buried at Windsor. "It was not the journey that killed him," he wrote, "nor was it entirely the sad event which told him in the vale. He had been failing for years—failing at heart—though his mortal frame showed it not to publish it. It was his desire that his mortal remains might finally rest at Cheswold, but they will not be moved until the winter comes."

There were words of love and blessing to the homeless and disconsolate inmates of the mansion; about a will which the baronet had made; but Lorinda's overwhelmed comprehension of what her beloved guardian was dead, and, as soon as possible, she handed away to her chamber, where she wept until she was almost sick. In the end of the evening she wandered alone by the brook side, and near the little shop she met Silvertheorne.

"Alas, sweet lady, then art sad," the old man said.

He spoke so kindly, so softly, and so in tune to her own feelings, that she took his outstretched hand, and rested her wearied, aching head upon his bosom, as though he were to her a tried and trusty friend. And he let her do so, and sat down by her side.

"I have heard the mournful tidings, my child; and though the sound comes painfully upon my heart, yet I was prepared for it. I knew that Sir Edward had anticipated this event."

"How?" asked Lorinda, looking up. "Did he think he would not live?"

"He said so, lady."

"He did not tell me so."

"Ah, he would not pain you. There was a pure possibility that he might survive; and while such a possibility was present, of course he would not deprive you of hope. I think he acted wisely. To myself and his physician, and perhaps to Luke Rhuell, did he confide his worst fears. But, dear child, he not wholly cast down. To die is the lot of all. Those are young and strong. Life is before thee, and the foundations of hope and promise are many. If I can help thee, command me. If thou needn't a friend, trust me."

"And who art thou?" the maiden cried, resting her heads upon his shoulders, and gazing fixedly into his face. She spoke quickly and eagerly, as though under an impulse which she could not resist.

"O, tell me, that I may know how to trust thee and love thee. I do need a friend; and my heart turns to thine instinctively."

"Then let thy heart have its way," said the old man, tremulously.

"But," pursued Lorinda, still gazing into his face, "the emotions of the heart are subject to other forces than mere instinct. If I am to trust thee in everything, there should be no room for doubt."

"And how can you find room for doubt now?"

"Forgive me, sir, if I am wrong; but, is there not some hidden character? Is there not some story of your life which I do not know? O, forgive me for thus speaking; but I cannot help it. I would trust you, for my guardian bade me so to do, but I have a woman's fluidity and a woman's fears."

"Ay—and a woman's curiosity," added Silvertheorne.

"You may call it curiosity if you will, sir."

"I do not blame you, child. If I spoke abruptly, it was only from the quick passing of the thought. But—to be serious, and to the point—you have heard my story. Sir Edward must have told you."

"Yes,—he told me of your—banishment—"

"Speak plainly, lady, and call things by their right names. He told you of my transportation?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the circumstances which led thereto?"

"Yes."

"And he told you of my younger days here at Cheswold?"

"Yes."

"Then what more can there be?"

Lorinda hesitated a moment; but finally she answered, with some fluttering of voice:

"I have heard it whispered, sir, that all is not exactly as has been represented. O forgive me again, if I transgress—but—I would trust thee."

"I understand," said the old man. He tried to speak calmly, but the quiver of his lip and the unsteadiness of his hand betrayed that he was not altogether at ease. "Tell me," he added, after a moment's pause, "was you here when I departed?"

"I have heard it whispered," she answered, "that you and one other cut the full term of your transportation—that you must have escaped, and made your way back to England."

"Ah,—it is said?"

"It is."

"Who says it?"

"Several of the older servants—those who knew you in the years before misfortune came upon you."

"Before misfortune came upon me?" Silvertheorne repeated the words mechanically, and a shudder crept over his frame. But he quickly recovered himself. "I do fully comprehend. Why do they say this?"

"Because they are sure that you have been here in some other character. And I feel it, too. There are features and tones, and motions, or manner, or some presence which can hardly be mistaken."

"I am to understand, then, that the impression is, that I have not served out, honestly, my term of banishment; but that, under cover of some disguise, I spent a season in England which the law supposed I was spending in a penal colony upon the other side of the earth. Is it so?"

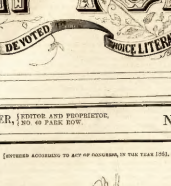
"Yes, sir,—it is so said."

"And you fancy that you have seen me thus?"

"I cannot deny it."

The old man arose, and folded his arms upon his bosom. The last gleams of departing day, softened and subdued by the mists of approaching twilight, were resting upon him; and his look was almost sublime. The snow-white hair, falling in graceful waves upon his shoulders, and the silvery beard, sweeping down over his breast, gave to his stalwart form, almost a prophetic character.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



GERALD IN SEARCH OF AN ASSISTANT.

"Lorinda Verbrook," he said, slowly and solemnly, "I love not to dwell upon the past; for, so God is my witness, I have been full of evil done to me than of evil which I have done; and, as a retrospect must always bring to me a spirit of hatred and vengeance, I care not how soon the old book of record is closed. I would gladly forget the dreadful experience that have blistered along the way; but I shudder when I remember the cruel thorns. To them I will be a friend, firm and true; and, if I can give thee counsel, then art welcome to it; but do not ask the times that are gone. If I am to be trusted, it must be for what I am, and not for what I have been. And now—here is my hand. If you can take it, and trust me as I have said, then take it, and I will be to thee as true as mortal can be. If you cannot take it, trusting wholly, with your gone to the future, then leave me to pray for you in my solitude."

Influenced by a power which seemed almost independent of her own thoughts, the maiden reached forth and took the extended hand—took it in both her own, and gently murmured—

"Pray for me and help me, for I trust thee with all my soul!"

As God is the Father and Friend of us both, I will serve thee with all my power!" So spoke the old man, and then he left the maiden back to her seat. And after this he talked to her so kindly and so soothingly that her heart was opened to him as it could only be to one who had won his deepest love.

As Lorinda Verbrook wended her way look into the manor house, she was more calm and tranquil than she had been before, since her guardian left her. The influence of Silvertheorne's presence had been wondrously potent, and now that she had resolved to trust him, she allowed no more doubts to come between them.

Two days after the reception of the news of the baronet's death, Dr. Willet and Luke Rhuell arrived, and soon the former opened the sad contents concerning her guardian's last hour. They gave her every consolation in their power, and assured her that Sir Edward's end had not been hastened by his journey.

In fact," said the doctor, "I firmly believe that the patient was a benefit to him—and by better than opiates. His fate was sealed, from the first, and I do not imagine that any amount of bodily rest could have saved him. And, further, I am very certain that by holding a dying farewell to these at Cheswold where he lived. This he had decided. He had even flown—for he had blessed them—he had received their dying words of parting, and that was enough. He was satisfied—he was set to it. In the hands of God all is for our highest good. In a case like Sir Edward's will, which, though he has safely in charge, will be produced, and after that, I trust it will not be long ere the day to come clear again."

Willet spoke the night at Cheswold, and in the morning he left for his own home.

Within an hour after the doctor had gone, Gerald Murdock arrived at the manor, and very quickly he and Lorinda were closeted. They had been gone ever since the day on which the last letter from Anston had been received from him.

"Well, Governor," he said, after he had helped himself to a glass of brandy, "it has all turned out well for us. I am glad that you have come! I thought it safer not to do so, as the post-marks upon my letters might have betrayed the secret of my whereabouts."

"You did just right, my son. Dr. Willet's letters have kept me posted. But I trust you have been cautious."

"No one could have been more so. I hung upon Sir Edward's track from the time he left Cheswold until I saw his mortal remains borne to the chapel at Windsor. Had he lived, and moved about, I would have dogged him still. As it was, I saw all that went on, and I am sure that he received no visitors save such as went upon more terms of sympathy and friendship. However, he is dead and gone, and our hopes must now depend very much upon his will, for I suppose he has made one."

"Yes," replied Owen. "Doctor Willet tells me that Mr. Anston has it."

"So I remember Gerald, "I thought so much. When I said that the baronet received no visitors save such as came on some terms of friendship, I should have excepted old Anston, for I saw him there, and I knew what his business must be. I am sorry a will has been made, but still we must hope for the best."

"All will come," said the father, "we will wait and hear what the testament is. It may be in our favor. You have done well, and I am not sorry that you went. Had Sir Edward lived, I am sure he would have been up to business; but as it has terminated, all may now be safe."

"When Gerald saw Lorinda he was very glad to her, and told her of an extraordinary law case which he had been attending to, and in which he met and conquered some of the best attorneys in Manchester. He spoke of Sir Edward with tears in his eyes, and when he found how easily the maiden's heart was thus reached, he followed up the attack until she really blessed him for his sympathy.

In time Mr. Walter Anston came up from Preston to read the will of Sir Edward Bramhall. Anston was an old man of three score at least, and had been Sir Edward's attorney for many years. He was an honest, straightforward business man, not brilliant as a lawyer, but shrewd and effective in matters requiring care and attention. He took dinner with the family, and then adjourned to one of the drawing-rooms, where all interested were assembled.

"My friends," the old attorney commenced, in his business-like way, "you may all of you be disappointed in what I shall read to you, though I am sure some of you can find fault. I come to you now, as I was directed to come by the baronet, and I shall proceed to you that which was arranged for production as the process since."

Anston moved uneasily in his seat, and he and his father exchanged anxious glances. They could not comprehend the meaning of this. In the meantime Anston unfolded the document which he held, and asked them to give their attention.

"As you will perceive," he said, "this is not Sir Edward's Last Will and Testament, though it contains testamentary in its character."

And thereupon he read it. It was of some length, but yet very simple in its character. The chief announcement was, that the Last Will and Testament had been made, and placed in the hands of the attorney, but that it was not to be opened—the seal was not to be broken—"until the decision of" one other and six months from the date of the present instrument. In the meantime Owen Murdock was to be steward of Cheswold, to use a certain per cent. of the income as he pleased, passing the remainder over to the attorney, quarterly. All the servants at present employed were to be retained, at the rate of pay already established, and none were to be discharged, save at their own request, or for bad conduct. Old Silverthorne was to be supported in his possession of the premises by the river, and he was to have free use of the boat, and of the fish and otherwise engaged. As for the estates at Farworth, those were to remain unencumbered, and Lorinda, as a brook was mistress, with full power in her own right, as, with the demise of her guardian, the remnant of her wardship ended. She was to have the use of such apartments at Cheswold as she might desire, to occupy them or to keep them closed, as she pleased.

It was a curious instrument. Did the attorney understand why such a course had been pursued?

"Sir Edward had his own reasons," said Anston, "and when, at the appointed time, his will shall be opened, those reasons may be apparent to all. Of course I am not at liberty to say more at present, unless it be simply to add that our noble friend certainly did what he deemed most proper. And, really, I am not how any one can find fault. Are you not satisfied, Lady Lorinda?"

"Yes, sir," replied the maiden, wiping her eyes. "He could not have displeased me."

"And you, Mr. Murdock—I trust that you, too, are content."

"Certainly, sir—certainly. O—I find no fault. It was only the strangeness of the thing that stirred me. In fact, I am more than satisfied."

"And," added Anston, since you and I are to work together in a measure, for some months to come, I trust that we shall enjoy each other's confidence."

"Certainly—I hope so."

"And I trust that Cheswold will not suffer under our care."

"It shall not if I can help it."

"Till you. And now let us be frank in all matters of business, and hope for the best. There are others, beside ourselves, for whose good we are henceforth responsible."

Owen Murdock said "Certainly;" but at that moment his thoughts of weal were confined within very narrow limits.

CHAPTER XIV.

GERALD HAS BUSINESS.

Among the servants at Cheswold there was considerable discussion upon the merits of the disposition which had been made of affairs by their late master; and though not one was found who was willing to blame the baronet, yet they were not entirely pleased with the character of the man who had been placed over them. The more interesting ones were fearful that Owen Murdock was not exactly the person to manage the wide domain. Of his capacities for the office they had no doubts, but touching his honesty and integrity they were not so sure.

"It should have been the Lady Lorinda," said the old butler, "who and Anston would have worked together for the best good of all concerned, and it would have been a pleasure to serve her."

"That is so," responded the gate-keeper; "but still we have the privilege of leaving if we don't like."

"It isn't much of a privilege, though," returned the butler. "Cheswold is my home—it has been my home for almost three-score years. I was born here, and here have I been reared; and now to be forced to leave would be almost like dying. No, no—there's much of a remarkable mistake."

"John Sutton is right," said the forester, always ready to remark for the better. "This is our home, and we won't leave it if we can help it. My father had charge of these woods before me; and I was born beneath their shade; and here I want to spend my days. If Owen Murdock tries to oppress us, we must hang together with love to the last, for, you will be by the best; and the cause of my fellows is my cause; an injury done to any one of you is an injury done to me; and I will help resent it while I live. Mr. Anston is a good friend, and if we work together, I do not think we have much to fear."

He spoke Enoch Barrow, the stout forester; and his compassions, when they had heard him, joined him in spirit.

Lorinda Verbrook thought much upon the last interview of her guardian's will; and though she had not the least fault to find, yet fine phantoms were all ideal her. For the present, however, she did not strive after prospective evil, for she had enough to occupy without that. Still, when she thought of the future, and tried to make it look bright and hopeful, doubts and fears would arise to cloud her hopes. She remained at Cheswold a few days after the visit of the attorney, and then she returned to Farworth. Owen Murdock did not oppose her in the least, but seemed rather anxious to have her understand that she was at liberty to go and come as she pleased.

"I trust," he said, in a smiling, winning way, as she was upon the point of departing, "that you will not remain long at Farworth without coming to us. We shall be lonesome here after you are gone."

From her own pure heart, with its active sympathy and living truth, the maiden gave credit to the man's words, and she told him that she would come when she could. And, moreover, she would frequently visit at Farworth. He must come as often as he could, and they would be glad to see them.

Owen said that he would. He hoped that they should see much of Joy and peace in the future; and to that end should he work.

Lorinda left the mansion, and Gerald him, as he thanked him for his kind words. Ayo, and she thanked him sincerely, for his smile and manner had been winning had given her real consolation. She detected not the words he spoke, but she heeded that the glances of light were reflected from a pure stone.

Gerald called to encompass her on her way, and she did not refuse him. As they rode along he talked with her of the business, talked of his virtues, of his goodness, of his gentleness, of his unselfishness, of his old age. He had touched the key to her soul, and her sympathies were all awake. And he sought forth. Anston, he was careful not to touch any discordant notes. He knew that Lorinda was his friend, and was about to turn back, he received a cordial invitation to call as often as he could. And the voice of the heart, speaking through the impulse of gratitude.

When Gerald rebelled Cheswold, on his return, it was fairly dark; and after supper he joined his father in the library, were they were sure of being alone and undisturbed. Until the present time they had had no favorable opportunity of conferring together, as nearly every hour of the business season had been occupied in the arrangement of other affairs; but now the opportunity had arrived, and they were anxious to embrace it. While others had been freely talking about the manner in which the

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

estate had been left, they had been thinking deeply, and to some purpose.

Owen Murdock locked the door of the sitting-room, thus guarding against the approach of eavesdroppers, and then he returned to the library, and took a seat. He sat in the great easy-chair, upon the soft cushion of which Sir Edward had reclined so often, and his arm rested, for the while, upon the same table.

"Well, Gerald—we have at length met with opportunity for conference. I have been thinking; and I suppose you have been doing the same."

"Yes, Governor; I have thought a great deal, for I have had much to think of. And now, as you are the oldest, will you tell me what point you have arrived at?"

"By my life, Gerald, I have arrived at no fixed point. My thoughts have been so many, rather than pointing towards any one object. I have been waiting for this conference, in hopes that we might bring matters to some practical issue. Of course there has been a certain about which my thoughts have moved, and that centre has been the will of Sir Edward."

"You mean the will which has not yet been opened?"

"Certainly—that which is not to be opened for a year and six months."

"I understand," said Gerald. "My fancies have taken flight that way, too. You know something of Sir Edward's testamentary habits of his idiosyncrasies—something, perhaps, of his whims and caprices. Can you imagine what may be the drift of that hidden instrument?"

"No, my son—not with any precision. The one thing is apparent to me: I think the executors of that will is to depend upon circumstances that are yet to transpire. I am inclined to the opinion that the will, as an instrument of no-fey, is not absolute; but that, what it shall be duly opened, it will be found to have reference to the position of parties at that time."

"I think you have hit it, Governor. At all events, so far as that part is concerned, I have no disposition to go further. To my mind, the evidence in the case warrants no other conclusion. And next comes a more important question: What part am I to play in the drama?"

"Ay, my son—I have asked myself that question repeatedly."

"And with what result?"

"Ah, there you have me."

"But," suggested Gerald, "we have evidence to guide us, even here. I have gained a sound knowledge of law, and can sense matters which do not appear directly upon the surface. If my uncle had died without making a will, I, as heir of his only sister, should have been his sole heir. In short, in the eyes of the law, I am the only heir to Cherewold. Of course I do not see Edward's intention to cut me off peremptorily, he would have done so in a straightforward manner. I think I know him well enough for that."

"You are right, my son," said Owen.

"Then," pursued Gerald, "it follows that I am not thus cut off. *Ergo*, I must be mentioned in the will. And, if I am mentioned, I am to that upon me must fall the responsibility of this duke—that is, I am the name of it. In this case I am the only living person against whose his will can work. Is it not so?"

"I think you have hit it, my boy."

"I think so, too," responded the young man. "Therefore it is evident enough that my interest in the bond depends upon myself. I depend upon something which my executors within eighteen months from this time. Is it not so?"

"Certainly, it looks so."

"Then," continued the young man, folding his hands, and putting his foot upon the floor in a decisive sort of manner, "I thought to know what that condition is. It is no more than a matter of justice to me."

"Now you come to the point, direct, my son. If we could know what that will contained, we should know how to act. As it is, we may be forced to move in the dark."

"And be checkmated in the end," added Gerald.

"Exactly," responded Owen, thoughtfully.

The young man arose, and, folded arms came across the floor. At length he stopped, and laid his hand upon his father's shoulder.

"Old Wilier Arden is not that will," he said in a low, musing tone.

"Yes," returned Owen, looking up. "Of course he has it."

"I must see it?"

"Ah!—how?"

"I MUST see it?"

"But, my son, a man of Mr. Arden's habits must keep such papers very carefully."

"Of course he does; and yet I must see that will!"

Gerald took a few more turns across the room; then, having helped himself to a glass of brandy, he sat down again.

"I think," he said, speaking slowly and methodically, "that we have reached the end of our tether for the present. Until we can know what is written in that will, we can do no more. My mind is made up. To-morrow I shall leave Cherewold; and, if I return alive, I will bring with me the desired intelligence."

"But, my son," cried the parent, in a tone of apprehension, "do you realize what you undertake?"

"I realize it all."

"But there is more than personal danger—more than present danger. Your very lordship may be jeopardized. Should you be suspected of the attempt——"

"Don't be foolish," interrupted Gerald, impatiently. "I know what I undertake; and, above all things, you may depend upon my discretion. The die is cast, and at the work I go. If you have any advice to give, reserve it until morning, for it may now interfere with my own speculations. I think I'll go bed and sleep upon it."

And so the conference ended.

On the following morning Gerald ordered his horse, giving out, as he did so, that he was going to London on business connected with the succession.

"You will be careful," said Owen, with his hand on his son's saddle-bow.

"Pooh! don't let your fear run so high."

"But I know your excitable temperament, Gerald."

"Say, rather, that you know how fond I am of brandy. But you need not mind me. I shall be sparing of distilled liquors while the business is on my hands. When I come back you shall hear some news. Good morning."

Gerald Murdock had resolved that he would see and read the Last Will and Testament of his uncle, if he lived; and, furthermore, he had outlined his course, and left his plans. He was in no hurry, for he meant to make his work sure as he went. He first turned his steps towards Preston, which town he reached just as the workmen and work-women were returning to the factories for their labors of the afternoon. He took dinner at one of the taverns, and then sought the residence of Mr. Arnton. As he had expected, and hoped, he found the attorney in his office, though not alone, there being two men present on business. This latter circumstance, however, was rather favorable to our adventurer, as it gave him better opportunity to look about and examine the premises, such being the simple object of his visit. After he had been kindly greeted by the old man, and asked to walk a few moments, he took a seat in a retired corner, and picked up a newspaper.

The dwelling of Walter Arnton was in a quiet part of the town, away from the hum of the busy mills, and from the din of the market-place. It was a brick building, old and substantial, fronting upon a narrow court, with a wing extending back into a small garden; the whole being surrounded by a high, thick brick wall. In this wing was the office, with a back bay window, the casements of which reached to the floor, and opened upon a narrow veranda overlooking the garden. Upon two sides of the wall hung various plants, and maps, and cards-rolls, while upon the other side, set deep within the embrasure of a casement, was a table, covered with papers, and, here, triply-riveted door of which was now open. Within this room sat several men, some known that were locked, and many open pigeon-holes filled with carefully folded papers. Somewhere in that iron-bound region he was sure the will must be; and, when that ponderous door was closed, and the big key turned, he knew that all the contents seemed safe enough from prying eyes. So the air of Cherewold was not disheartened.

"Now," said Arnton, as the men with whom he had been engaged, withdrew. "I am at your service."

But Gerald had no business of importance. He was going on his way to London, and he had found it convenient to stop in the town for dinner, he thought he would call.

"I thought you might have some message to send to Cherewold, or some word to leave with me."

Mr. Arnton was thankful for the offer, but he knew of nothing which could be done for him in London.

"You say you have been to dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would have found a welcome at my board, had you seen fit to call."

"Excuse me, sir, but I felt fearful of calling upon professional men under such circumstances. I took my own responsibility, and employed their time in, and how hardly comes an interrogation upon the lips of a stranger, without laying themselves in the bosom of their friends."

"You are right, my dear sir; and I wish that others were as wise. How goes it at Cherewold?"

"All right and well, sir."

"And the Lady Lorinda?"

"Well, sir, and cheerful, and seems to be growing more content. In fact, all seem verging that way. My father has been very kind to me, and means to rule for their good, and they are giving in to his measures. So, in his way to London, I will not intrude upon you longer."

"Do you return to London to pursue your profession?"

"Yes, sir," replied Gerald. He hesitated a moment and then added, with a smile:

"I must serve out my own fortune. There is a time when every man must be weaned from the munificence of my uncle; but I shall place no great dependence upon the event, and I am in no time to come. He may, in his will, give me property, and he may not. I have made up my mind to the turn which affairs have taken, I have resolved to create an independence for myself, and I will. If other help comes, it will not harm me. You will see me at Cherewold again, sir, when I have position at first; and, I am free to confess, somewhat satisfied, that my success will not disappoint me wonderfully."

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"Is this Mr. Dresdeef?" the new-comer asked, in a voice which was rough as his dress.

"Yah—dat his name," the old Prussian said, with a look and tone which was his seat. "Dot you vants to pay anyt'ings?"

"No," replied the stranger, still concealing his face, "I come here to do that."

"Ah—who vould you be, mein?"

"A man by the name of Bill Swinet! My comrades! you pe mistakene, sir. Dar pe no shoes mon here."

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"Listen, a moment," said the visitor, with some show of impatience. "If you think I am to be put off in this manner, I shall complain. I know you very well—I know your business. Don't care, for I have no intention of harming you. I have come solely upon business between myself and Bill Swinet; and, furthermore, that business is to be to our mutual advantage."

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"Hold," cried the stranger, in a peremptory manner. "If your thoughts run in that fashion, you cannot know with whom you have to deal. Sit down, Isaac, and work on, as usual, in a retired corner, and picked up a newspaper."

The dwelling of Walter Arnton was a quiet part of the town, away from the hum of the busy mills, and from the din of the market-place. It was a brick building, old and substantial, fronting upon a narrow court, with a wing extending back into a small garden; the whole being surrounded by a high, thick brick wall. In this wing was the office, with a back bay window, the casements of which reached to the floor, and opened upon a narrow veranda overlooking the garden. Upon two sides of the wall hung various plants, and maps, and card-rolls, while upon the other side, set deep within the embrasure of a casement, was a table, covered with papers, and, here, triply-riveted door of which was now open. Within this room sat several men, some known that were locked, and many open pigeon-holes filled with carefully folded papers. Somewhere in that iron-bound region he was sure the will must be; and, when that ponderous door was closed, and the big key turned, he knew that all the contents seemed safe enough from prying eyes. So the air of Cherewold was not disheartened.

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"You are right, my dear sir; and I wish that others were as wise. How goes it at Cherwold?"

"All right and well, sir."

"And the Lady Lorinda?"

"Well, sir, and cheerful, and seems to be growing more content. In fact, all seem verging that way. My father has been very kind to me, and means to rule for their good, and they are giving in to his measures. So, in his way to London, I will not intrude upon you longer."

"Do you return to London to pursue your profession?"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Your eyes, dear one, are like the skies
Within the heavens shining;
Your tresses low around your face
Are delicately twining;
And like the lily is your neck,
Your lips like its pips are;
That I can but this question ask,—
"Oh, if you love me, say so."

Your mouth is like a rose bud, love,
With rows of pearl adorning;
Your breath is like the sweetest perfume
Of a fair summer morning;
Your cheeks are like the strawberries,
My trembling heart does show it,
I can but still the words repeat—
"Oh, if you love me, say so."

The fragrant roses, as you pass,
Though in their bloom and beauty;
While their pale petals shed perfume,
And droop it but their duty!
Then why not you, my own adorn?—
Then why do you delay so?
Oh, why not banish all my fears,
And if you love me, say so?

RAFTING ON THE "WISKONS."

The Pineries of Wisconsin have been, and still continue to be the source of much of the wealth of that flourishing young State, giving constant employment to between three and four thousand persons, and supplying a great portion of the Mississippi valley with the choicest lumber.

The persons engaged in it, on the upper Wisconsin River, are not only men of means, being extensive capitalists, but they combine all the requisite qualifications for success in any branch of business. Intelligence, enterprise and indomitable perseverance,—characteristics indispensable in any pursuit,—belong in an eminent degree to the Wisconsin lumbermen; and in all respects they will bear favorable comparison with any other class of business men in this country, or elsewhere.

There are many rapids and falls on the Wisconsin river, which until they were navigated by these lumbermen, were deemed by the Indians unsurpassable. The first below the forks of the Wisconsin is the Big Rapids, Grand Rapids, or Nee-kon-nee, or Narrow Falls—then come the "Brezeau," or "Buttes des Morts," and the next are turned on the Wisconsin, called by the Indians Ko-nee-ja-wau, or Long Falls. These last are two or three miles in length, with three perpendicular cascades of several feet, and the whole together from a descent of about one hundred feet, down which the unlimited waters leap and tear with a fearful velocity, and their hoarse voices may frequently be heard for miles. According to Indian tradition, a great spirit presides over these falls, to which on their passage of the portage they always make propitiatory offerings of tobacco, powder and whiskey.

After the Grand Father Ball Falls, come the rapids having only the Indian names of Ko-ka-kee, Ne-kon, Hee Wook Rapids,"—then, Jimmy Ball Falls, Trap Rapids, Big Bull Falls, Little Bull Falls, Bull Rocks Rapids, Grand Rapids, and Lost Ft. Whitney Rapids,—while bringer there is the dangerous rapid passage of the "Dells"—not much dreaded at times, by the raftsmen, as any other portion of the river.

Over all these dangerous Falls and rapids each of the lumber of the Wisconsin pineries has to be conducted, by the fearless pilots, and their men; and when the risks are taken into consideration, and the many losses by the way —by the breaking up of the rafts, and their being caught upon the rocks of the falls, and from other causes, to say nothing of the frequent wrecks of the lives of some of these gallant fellows —the wonder is not the single lie furnished to our hands in the town and cities as cheap as it is. Our hands in the town and cities as cheap as it is.

The men who pass their lives on the Wisconsin are peculiar, meet with a variety of incidents, which like those in the life of the sailor, fondly wed them to it, so that they love it more than they breed do so by the fatigalities of age, or from some other disabling cause.

During a recent trip through the northern portion of the State, I was detained several days by a storm, in one of the many villages on the Wisconsin river, where it was my good fortune to put up at a tavern kept by one of these extraordinary men. He had been a pilot, for the wards of twenty years; and during my sojourn with him, he had been entertained to me many of the stirring adventures and incidents of his life on the river. One of them, so illustrative of the hunger of the business in which he had been engaged, I will relate in his own words.

"I ran his Wisconsin," said he, "five years as a common hand, before I had learned the river, and the way to handle rafts. At last that time I reckoned I had learnt enough to start as a pilot; and began to do jobs for the lumbermen on my own terms. Them were pretty tough times, sir, and it was a tough business we were engaged in, especially when I first undertook it—for what with the falls and the rapids, and the wicked turns of the river run at the rate of thirty miles an hour—the many times I managed with every trip and fall of the treacherous stream, and the snags, and the pesky Winnebagoes, and the worse devils over them the old Wiskons—there was mighty little rest for me—but to keep our eyes skinned day and night. Many is the fall I helped to run below the Dells, and sometimes would built around its sides, to dodge behind, and let drive at me, mostly Injuns, who claimed the river as their own, and demanded toll for the passage of it.

"In them days the boss pilots used sometimes to clear as high as forty dollars a day on the big rafts, and it was money hard earned, I tell you, every man you not could do the job then, nor was it every one that had the spunk to face all the dangers of the river and the Injuns.

"The first time I had charge of a raft and a gang of men was in the spring of 1832. It happened in this way: I guess I was, as you had been running the river for a couple of seasons with Sam Rundall, who was reckoned the best pilot on the Wiskons, went up to take a job at the new mills on Whitney's rapids. After we had got there, and had nearly finished the cribbing of our raft, Sam was taken down with the ague and fever. He was in unlucky circumstance for him, for he had already contracted to deliver the lumber at Rockingham in thirty days, if the river kept up. So the raft must be started at any rate; and Sam gave me charge of it, and the men,—and, says he to me, when he had seen for me to his supper, "you are up bad, I'm laid up; it's out of the question to think of losing this the rise"—for you know, sir, the old river was booming!—and I suspect there'll be trouble with them cussed Winnebagoes, but mind you, you are to keep what's more, you know, Hempstead, I'm under a thirty days' contract. Now, my boy, will you boss the job? If so, I'll double your wages, and recommend you for a pilot!

"'But, Sam,' said I, 'there's elder and better hands in the gang than I am, why not give it to them?'

"'Cause,' he answered, 'it's something more than a pilot I want this run; it's a man that can boss the raft, and boss a fight with them cussed red skins too, for I'm greatly mistaken in the signs we send along the river, as we come up, if they don't mean to give us trouble, and you're the chap for that, Hempstead. Will you do it?'

"'Yes?' said I, 'I'll do it, Sam, or die in the attempt'—for you see, sir, I was kinder proud of the good opinion he had of me; and the next morning I reported to him that I was ready to cast off the lines.

"Well sir, we started down the river, with the strongest of a fair rain rise—the water was just right, with all the sawdams out of sight. I had ten good steam fellows, all used to the work, and with myself made eleven. We were all well armed, and knew how to use 'em. Besides, as the fact was, I thought that Sam Rundall was rather too severe with the fever on him, and I didn't believe the Injuns would give us any trouble. But I thought it best to follow his orders, and begin my sins skinned.

"We had a good run for several days, without any kind, in spite of the smoke of the fires that we discovered the smoke of the camp-fires on the banks of that stream; and when we passed the mouth, we found more than a dozen canoes of the Winnebagoes, who would up six miles of the big Wisconsin, while we could see scores of the same people on the banks, some on foot and some on the banks.

"'Keep your eyes skinned, boys, we're in for a fight now, sure enough,' said shouting to Pat Mahoney, a big Irishman, who had formerly been the up-stream steering oar, while I managed the down-stream one, when I came to the Dells. I had the breastworks, and pick off the foremost Injuns in the canoes, should they undertake to board us. As soon as we had got opposite them, they gave a yell that made the river echo, and a whoop, which was joined by them in the river, and opened fire upon us. We returned it with a volley from our rifles and Pat's loud and noise; but we kept the raft in the middle of the current, and kept them off by keeping their shot. We were serving our powder and lead to them pretty freely, for we knowed that we knew they meant to board us, if we would let 'em.

"Well, sure enough, before we had got out of the Dells, the whole of the canoes had come down to a sudden stand still in the middle of the river. They had evidently concluded to stop giving them, and I did not see the bows the canoes that they had been paddling with, and supposed that we had near run upon it. Letting go the steering oar, I ran forward, and discovered that the boom, begun to cut it loose. I had stood, and was in the act of cutting away, when I discovered the bone of my right arm, and the axe dropped from my hand. They overcame their shock

NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

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BIG MEN AND SMALL MEN.

Men of moderate dimensions, take heart. Don't be cast down in the presence of the big-boned *Alibidibusiness*. The longsided and latitude of a man are not the measure of his strength. That pocket Hercules, Dr. Winship, can lift more than the biggest of us. To be sure, weight goes for something, as a boom at tenpins or a cavalry charge, but even in the prize ring its gristle and not adipocyanic superiority, and is in by light infantry, not heavy dragoons, that modern battles are won. The great French Zouaves played the mischief with the burly Germans at Magenta and Solferino, and the spare Italians, under Garibaldi, thrashed their oppressors when the odds were two to one against them.

The truth is, that small men are generally better made than your Goliahs. They are tougher, more compact, more symmetrical. Nature does not seem to take so much pains in perfecting large animals as in developing small ones. Compare the flea with the elephant. The insect is a microscopic miracle. We all know a man-of-war is cut truest on its muscle. If the proportion of strength to size were the same in the enormous beast as in the little domestic cricket, the former would be able to take the City Hall in a fierce fury, with the Common Council and all their clan on its back.

With the human animal much depends on training. There must, of course, be a fair amount of muscle and sinew to start with. Jockeys have been impossible to make a gymnast of Calvin Edson. But any young man of ordinary natural strength may double or triple it by proper exercise, besides improving his health and increasing his chances of longevity. To attain these ends, however, he must not only have the requisite and active measures necessary to their accomplishment, but he must forever avoid anything likely to retard that object. In a word, he must not dissipate.

What a race of athletes we should have in this country if there simply, common sense rule of physical stimulus and regimen were exercised now. The third generation from the present would, under such a system, be at least twice as vigorous as their grandfathers, and hale men of three score years and ten, and even four score years, would not be considered marvels.

The strong drawback to human life is not up to the true standard in any part of the world, (except, perhaps, among the Araucanians, on the top of Chili,) and in this country it is certainly far below it. Low as it is with us, however, it is high enough to show that the constitutions of the people are naturally good, and encouraging to the pains that thousands of Americans take to kill themselves, it is wonderful that they live as long as they do.

WHITE LIES.

Some silly-pated moralists insist that it is apparently, and indeed commandingly, so in all cases where the utterance of the plain truth might give offence or pain. That this doctrine is practically carried out in society we all know. Persons who wish to avoid receiving unwelcome visitors without resorting to a positive refusal direct their servants to say they are "not at home." "I am glad to see you" is the usual form with which a man of polished manners meets the boon companion he regards with true regard. Rejoicing heirs express "the deepest regret" at the decease of rich old parents, whereas for whose speedy translation to a better world they have long devoutly prayed. Invalids cast hope of recovery are informed by smiling friends that they are looking better every day. The women of business are congratulated on their brilliant prospects by those who know they are on the verge of ruin. In fact, never to utter disagreeable truths, and to deal liberally with agreeable falsehoods, seem to be the accomplishments of society and positive indispensable, in individuals who desire to be "perfectly at home in polite society."

To such courteous hypocrisy we cannot subscribe. It is, at times, sometimes be inexpedient to tell the truth, but never necessary or compatible with truthfulness for courtesy's sake. Infinite harm is done by what Mrs. Opie has designated as "White Lies." In nine cases out of ten the plain truth, kindly spoken, is beneficial to those who seek counsel, advice, or any kind of information on it. In one case it is falsehood, however well intended, really justifiable. When it is deemed unwise to speak the truth, say nothing about them. And why should not comparatives physiognomy show us a resemblance between certain people and certain members of the brute creation, when we know full well that there is a resemblance between their propensities. Are not some men in their natures fox-y, wolfish, catish, shark-like, monkey-like, leonine, &c., &c.; and are there not women dove-like, parrot-like, doe-like, &c., in disposition and bearing. This pacitive physiognomy, as applied to humanity and the brutes, is a very pretty study. The analogies are wonderful, and by no means complimentary to the race of Adam.

THE RAVAGES OF INDOLENCE

Indolence prevents manner reforming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up in the eyes of the drunkard, and he sees the glasses of rosea and ostite. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the siege of bankruptcy, so, upon each poverty, have indications, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the lieutenant of every sin. Such ignorance of truth, next occasional falsehood, then the habitual resource, and those strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Indolence is the mother of dirt, and dirt breeds disease. Business is first neglected and then ruined. Then consequent soon becomes the only business. And yet, after all, what pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. Indolence, like sirens, like mermaids, is a single elegant, deceased money. When sentry duty is neglected, the young lieutenant forfeits the life. First, because he hopes to repay, and then because he knows he cannot repay, to a degree of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, and the same punishment, disgrace. Next, he will gamble, since it is only gambling that will save him. Indolence separates from reputable society, the rugout takes all the leagues of the gambler, and through them, and through them, enters the broad road of crime, which is indolence, which is the mother as water does its filth; and they form at the bottom, a pestilential morass, which, once in it, every breeze of evil, into riots, robberies and murders, and every vapor which goes out will be called in "half-breath," in "unanimous Broadway." Men of these honorable offices was witnessed a few days ago by a vast concourse of persons. A young lady was crossing Broadway near Canal street, when, seeing that the way was less speed, caught her midway on her passage, and was dragged under the horse's stomach, but not at the very moment when the near horse was about to set his foot down on her. She is made a spring, and clasping him around the neck, was in a moment lifted out of danger. When the vehicle was stopped, she let go her hold and said, with a smile, but weak voice, to the arms of the people who had run to the rescue, Excuse me, gentlemen, for taking such a liberty, one common in our streets; and it is for the most unlawful that tens of thousands daily make their way unharmed through the numerous streets of hoofs and wheels in our great thoroughfare, than it would be if fifteen or twenty people, crippled amid these countless perils, should be carried to the hospitals, on stretchers, four hours. If the losses of life and death were not to be viewed from day to day, in the columns of the civil authorities, the accidents that happen would be so great that the common people and dents that *might have happened*, than is the case at present.

THE FIRE OF VANITY.

Mr. Winkle secured Mr. Pickwick that he could stem and shoot, although he had never done it before, and stroked one of the oars with a shoulder. He was put to the test, and the regatta was a long-boat race, and he won it by the winging of his friend instead of a rook. Mr. Winkle was a vain man. He was one of those who, in the language of the Arabs, "have their eyes in their pockets," and who, in the language of the Italians, "have their eyes in their heels." He was one of those who, in the language of the Italians, "have their eyes in their heels." He was one of those who, in the language of the Italians, "have their eyes in their heels." He was one of those

SONG: NOT TO YOU SEEKS I LOOK FOR THEE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Not to you alone I look for thee,
For gold, though sparkling, and afar
From whom my earthly hopes are parted,
In being the sorriest star:
Nor can I let wild Fancy waged
By love in quest of thee to roam,
Make its some knowable possession
Thy blest, but shadowy home.

II.

Ah, not the skies shall here thee not
Below, though purer, grander too
Than all those glorious, starry isles
In Heaven's blue Ocean are;
Thy spirit's dwelling is my Angel,
And there at Love's own tender calls
I feel thee passing to and fro
Amid its watching halls.

III.

They send unto thy abiding feet,
Shining, for thou art of the Blest;
And also, or of all, I feel
Thy white bow on my breast;
And in my ear thy voice that sings,
"Look not to above: my soul for thine
Still waits with fabled wings!"

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY F. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "MRS. MINDWELL," "MEMOIRS OF THE MISSES BRADDON," "BELL STANTON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

The years over which our narrative has lapsed had wrought some changes in the fortunes of Herbert Hurlbut and his benefactors.

Miss Weldover had married a for-ty-niner man, and had moved off into one of the new Mexima territories; and the good doctor, reduced loosely by her departure, had yielded to the fascinations of a gay widow, who had engins and pitfalls for him on every side, and he had entered second time into the matrimonial state. He believed then he did this, in a great degree, for Herbert's sake, who had been a mother to the excellent Jerusha, and who, he thought, would find another equally suitable in Mrs. Florinda Sellum, relict of the late Captain (of something) Sellum.

The widow was so very fond of children, and doted so particularly upon Herbert, before marriage: he was such an angel in her eyes; his very voice was so harmonious that they only showed him off in another phase of beauty; and, in short, she was her admiration of the little cherub, that the simple-hearted doctor had no other sublimer in regard to his new relation to was consuming, excepting that the kind Florinda would spoil the child.

She did not. But she certainly spoiled the doctor, who, sad to say, found Mrs. Weldover to be an entirely different woman from Mrs. Capt. Sellum, and who at the end of six short weeks already looked regretfully back on the library he had thrown away.

When so many months had passed matters were far worse. The new wife did not see the sense of bringing up other people's children: men did not know anything about the trouble made by boys around a house; and for long past she thought the doctor had done quite enough for Herbert, and might let him out to learn a trade, so that he would be able to take care of himself.

So she talked, and her husband, who had already allowed the rules of family government to slip from his hands, soon began to feel that Herbert was but "a tenant at sufferance" of his recent bounty.

The child who had so long enjoyed the freedom which unfettered affection gives, was now restricted from most of his accustomed pleasures—was punished on all occasions, and found only a stubby solace and protection on the part of his late generous guardian.

Matters could not long remain in this state. Neither the doctor nor the child could say rest, and the personnel was begun to reflect whether it was not best for the lad's own happiness to place him out of the jurisdiction of the once gentle Florinda.

When he at last resolved upon this, the question how to dispose of him was the next in order.

"A trade, of course?" said the late Mrs. Capt. Sellum, with some such emphasis as her dear departed might have given to the word of command, at the head of his "company," or his quarterboat, for what that captainy had been no one seemed to know.

"A trade?"

"Yes: a tailor I should say; he is always sitting cross-legged; and, besides, he can then be his own goose."

The doctor smiled, and so did Herbert, hilarity.

"I fear he would not quite like to be a tailor."

"Oh, like? perhaps not. He might not like to do anything, but live on other people. That isn't the question; but what is he good for, and what is good for him?"

"Not that, by my dear."

"Well, then—a shoemaker, a carpenter, a butcher; they are all respectable and useful, and grow rich in following them. I don't care what, so that the child is out of our house in so say is in business, and is learning something."

"He is very young yet."

"Oh, dreadful young! I wonder if he can walk! Why! have to get his clothes for him, I guess!"

"But—I really do not think any one would take him to learn a trade at his age."

"Let them take him, then, as a shop boy, or as errand boy, until he is old enough. He will be learning."

"But, my dear, you do not consider how very young he is."

"Nonsense!" I see lots of boys in shops and stores, as small as he. He can, at least, open and shut doors. Young, indeed! Mrs. Shane folks, I believe, are so old, that everybody looks young to them."

There was yet some fire in the smoldering ashes of Dr. Weldover's nature, and it flashed up now.

"Herbert shall not be put to a trade, nor in a shop," he said; "but since he is so displeasing to you, I will send him to a boarding-school."

"A boarding-school! Why, that would be twice as expensive as keeping him at home! I don't think you have so much money, that you can afford to throw it away in that style."

"No matter, what I have is my own, and Herbert shall go to boarding-school."

The doctor trembled with the emotion necessary to assert this right, and nothing but his strong affection for his adopted son could have made him take so bold a position. One by one he had yielded all his own rights and comforts, and here he had made his first bold stand against contingent encroachments.

A scene ensued.

Reproaches went off like rockets, and taunts and jeers fell like howitzer shells around the stunned doctor's head. But he carried his point, and carried his boy the next day to school.

The institution which he had selected for this purpose was located about midway between his residence and the city, on the route which he daily travelled, and it would afford him the opportunity of frequently seeing the child, and of still more often gratifying his eyes with a passing view of the walls which contained him.

It was something, the good man thought, to have him so near, where he could keep watch over him, and where he could personally attend him, if he should be sick. He soon became reconciled to the change, and he was convinced that it was quite the best place for the boy.

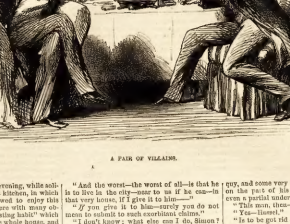
But Mrs. Weldover made him pay dearly for his triumph. Not in one way, but in twenty. Not for a few days or weeks, but for months and—no, not for years.

At the end of the first twelve months, the doctor's health, which had long been delicate, gave unmistakable signs of failure. Signs he could but not to him. He saw but slight sillngs in when, had they occurred in a patient, he would have regarded as the crumbling of the very foundations of the constitution. But trifling as was his illness, it reminded him of something he had long purposed to do—a proper settlement.

This was the making of his will. He had not been conscious on this point before marriage, because then his sister would have inherited his little property, and she understood what there be designed for Herbert, and would have executed his intentions with just as faithfulness if it were recorded on parchment and attested, and sealed and proved, by all the intricate forms which legal ingenuity has built up as a witness to, and a barrier against man's dishonesty.

It was a different case now. He could not trust his wife to protect his adopted son; he did not even dare to tell her how considerable a share of his small estate he designed to bestow upon him.

The law would give Herbert nothing, and he resolved to get the start of the law.



A PAIR OF VILLAINS.

"And the worst—the worst of all—is that he is to live in the same house to us if he can—is that very house, if I give it to him——"

"If you give it to him—dirty!—you do not mean to submit to such exorbitant claims?"

"I don't know; what else can I do, Simon? I would gladly give it to him—or its cost twice over! listen once! if I could thus be forever rid of him; if I were sure that he would retire to some foreign land, and never, never trouble us again."

"Would you?" said Blass, rising and walking the room in an excited manner. "Would you? Ha! you never can be sure of that; you never can! Once let him get a hold—he always will return."

"Yes—yes," said the miserable woman, hiding her face in her hands, as if the would thus exclude the hateful image of her presence from her sight. "He will come; and I am always expecting him. There has been a ring at the door bell since he was last here, six months ago, which I did not believe to be his. I never ride or walk out, but I fancy that I see him watching me from behind lamp-posts or out of area bells and passages. I seldom stop without dreaming of him, with his sardonic smile, and his threatening look. Oh Heaven! it is too horrible! My punishment is greater than sin——"

"It is a large bounty that you would pay on his silence," said Blass in a half whisper, and with a searching look at the guilt-stricken mother of his benefactress.

"Is it large bounty that you would pay on his silence," said Blass in a half whisper, and with a searching look at the guilt-stricken mother of his benefactress.

"Have'n you a right to protect your self and property? Hasn't everybody a right to do that?"

"But how, Simon?—what do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean yet.

"If there is any way in which you can extricate me from this——"

"I did not say that I could do it, Louise." "But you promised to do so—you said you would find it all in the "Directory," and no mistake.

Herbert said of course he could read, and he would go and buy her up; and so, with his little pack of clothing and books on his arm, he started for his unique home, feeling quite delighted with the consciousness that he could pay his way to the city, and have several shillings left.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A few evenings after that which had rendered Mr. Simon Blass, with a horse and threatening look, "this robber, who would take all—who knows between me and happiness—we shall see. When do you expect to see him again?"

"To-morrow evening by the usual road."

"Do you think he knows me?"

"He knows every thing as every thing. Of course he remembers your wife; he spoke of her to-day."

Blass reflected some minutes in silence, and then said:

"He doesn't know Rook. I am sure he does not know Rook."

"Probably not."

"Certainly not."

"I don't know."

"We shall see. Give me time to think. I will see you in the morning, after I have seen my partner. He is shrewd and sharp—far more so than you would expect from his grave and staid look. And money is the lever that moves him."

Blass took his leave, and he spent no small part of the night reflecting upon means which had occurred to him in the course of the conversation with his partner, and which seemed to offer a ray of hope that he could obtain for her the relief she so greatly desired, and for him-self the brilliant prize which was the reward sue-cess.

His plans were very indefinite, and all hung upon the co-operation of Rook, whose resources he knew to be peculiar, and whose integrity Simon believed to be almost unsurpassed.

He had breakfasted quite late, and at the usual hour, seeking half his face, gave him a general tone not unfitting his name, was surprised, on arriving at his office the next morning, to find his partner, the head of the firm, already there, and impatiently awaiting his coming.

He was still more surprised when, with much circumlocution, Blass hinted at a weighty business in which his co-operation was wanted; and, when he found that this proposed professional, would pay beyond all precedent.

So amazed did Simon appear on hearing this proposition, that it was only after a long colloquy, and some very direct and abrupt questions on the part of his less delicate partner, that even a partial understanding was arrived at.

"This man, then—Herbert did you call him?"

"Yes—Herbert."

"Is he got rid of, silenced, or in some way rendered harmless?"

"Yes—decidedly. He is a robber, almost a murderer, whose crimes the law cannot reach. He must be hunted some other way. No matter how—he deserves the worst he can get."

Rook did not look or act shocked; he took a pinch of snuff, and said:

"Of course I can do nothing myself, but if I had known it two days sooner——"

"I—I—what then?"

"The very man to serve you now here—here in my office. He's sailed, now, for China. Captain Bluff, of the brig Butterfly."

"Who is he? What could he have done?"

"Nothing."

"To tell who he is, more than his name, would be a difficult matter. I should call him a satanist. He says he is of Portuguese family, but born in this country. He looks as if he might have been a pirate in his day, but whatever he is, he commands a good vessel, which is owned here, and is taking out a regular cargo. There is room in for the Company."

Rook, among a multiplicity of other occupations by which he picked up perquisites, was surveyor for one or two Marine Insurance offices, and in this way had formed the acquaintance of the man he described.

"Well, if he's gone, there is no use talking about it; perhaps he has not."

"It is barely possible, though he was to have sailed yesterday morning, but he was not to have been favorable. I have not noticed it."

"Then I am in for the Company," said

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

have not dined; I will step out and get some refreshments—"

"By no means, sir; I will order something for you and Mr. Hazard, here."

Rook remonstrated; but the lady insisted. The bell was rung, and a collation was so quickly served, that one might have imagined it had been standing all ready for that purpose. A very nice lunch it was, too; and while it was brought in a stand of decanters, containing several varieties of liquor.

When a table had been wheeled up before the visitors, and the viands and bottles placed upon it, Mrs. Elderly delicately withdrew, leaving the men to eat, and especially to drink as freely as they chose, without the restraint of a lady's eye upon their movements. A man-servant had been assisted to wait upon them, but him Rook dismissed, with an intimation that he would be summoned, if wanted.

"Everything is within our reach here; we'll get along," he said.

Black Charley seemed to think that fact was rather a reason for his staying then going, as he glanced momentarily at the sideboard-looking man.

But he obeyed, and "reported progress" to his mistress, who snickered his scruples by saying that it was "all right."

"This is very comfortable," said Rook, as he looked over the table and disposed his plan-ned supplies for service. "It is a pleasure to do business for a lady like Mrs. Elderly. Here's to you, Jack, Mr. Tassel."

"Certainly, sir," replied the other, smiling; "but my name is Hazard, not Tassel."

"Ah, I see your pardon; your face, sir, see, what have we here, Sherry, Port, Cognac, Holland's; oh, there's something to give a man appetite to eat."

Rook took some Hollands, and Hazard helped himself to brandy, not sparingly. Soldier or the man seemed to think the wine worthy of a second taste.

They ate and drank freely, Rook leading the conversation to the subject of the large property which his companion had purchased. He expatiated on its value, and grew eloquent in delineating its advantageous location and surroundings, for he had taken the precaution to go thoroughly over it that day, in order that he might be well posted in his evening's assumed business.

The lawyer talked rapidly, also rapidly, and drank very frequently, in all of which they did not expel the first, his companion seemed to maintain his own with a pretty steady nerve and head.

Hazard said little, but that little gave evidence of being well pleased with Rook's remarks, with his dinner, and, above all, with his extraordinary good fortune in becoming proprietor of the valuable domain which was to pass, within the next hour, into his hands.

There was no alarm about Rook's drinking, and no attempt to be made because he could not wist few other men could, in this line, and he was resolved to set the example as long as the other would follow it.

Hazel grew heady; he became almost confidential towards his companion, and at last announced a "tip top sawyer;" he hinted at his own future prospects, and had almost congratulated to Mr. "Hed—Hul—lis—ton;" that he should be his legal adviser and managing agent, when the very liberal alfresh.

It required serious calculation on the part of Rook to decide upon the exact stage of intoxication to which it would be desirable to carry his future patron, who was fast becoming voluble and maudlin. They had a long ride to take, and it was necessary that Hazel should at least have command of his limbs. But when he thought the time had come, he announced it and the interested man signified his readiness to go.

He took out a handful of change, and said: "—I'll pay!"

"Pay what?"

Hazel looked about him with a bewildered air, for a moment, and then said:

"Oh, true. If I don't think we were in a room—to—to—tavern. Blamed if I didn't. Come on, it's all right; come on."

Rook repressed his laughter, and the two men went downstairs, arm in arm, for the lawyer thought it necessary to steady his companion, to keep him from compromising his character of liquor incontinence.

The hack air revived him somewhat, but not sufficiently to keep him, when they came into Broadway, from violently attracting the passers-by, which were going in the wrong directions, and almost more which were not going to Wall street.

When they had stopped and entered a stage, this obstacle of Hazel's presence was no appreciable, that the lawyer began to calculate upon the feasibility of changing his programme of action, and instead of going in the first instance to his office, take his unconscious victim right directly to the embrace of the repentant Clouts.

But several rebellious roads lay between and beside on this course. The hour was a little earlier than the gentlemen-conspirators had supposed him; and possibly a little earlier than the best possible one for the completion of the business on the pier. There would be more danger of observation at night than at nine o'clock; although little or either hour was to be feared, when, which the conspirators had taken care should be selected, a rainy night, with wind and Fallen furies.

At each new reason influenced Rook in adhering to the original plan, and that was the better that night, day, show that, with its thousand stoppages, would do much towards sobering Hazel—a result which at his office would be prepared to prevent with additional positives, which he should easily find reasons for giving plodding fortress of Reason.

It was nearly eight o'clock when they reached Wall street, which of course at that hour was well night deserted. Most of the banks and any many other offices, indeed, were lighted, but they were generally in the side rooms occupied by porters; though here and there a perplexed teller or banker might be seen passing over a fair balance, or searching for some long missing article, which dodged all his quest, and kept him at his task for hours after the general family and his waiting maid.

Mr. Rook's office was something more than half-way down the street, and they of course found it dark and unoccupied. The lawyer struck a light and said:

"We can have a lot, and now we'll proceed at once to business."

"Y—yes, straight away," replied Hazel, with a stammering tongue, which showed that he was still dimly under the influence of the potent wine.

"Mrs. Sitterly keeps good liquors! I'll say that for her," resumed Rook.

"She does—fet—fine. Mrs. Slittery does that thing, sir. She must be a—ju—judge of liquor, sir. I—I—never—er for lo—lo—I do, Mr. Hadleston."

"I think we can afford to drink to her health. I don't often take anything myself—"

"Nor I, sir; it's per my case, sir."

"But that little taste we had up there has quite given me a hankering for more. I didn't take much; nor you either, I believe."

"Oh, no, nothin' to steadily."

"I usually keep a little old brandy here for friends; though it doesn't get touched once a month, I believe."

The thick bottle and the tumblers which Rook took out of a drawer in the base of his library, looked as clean and bright as if they had been recently prepared for use; but Hazel was far past noticing such trifling matters as glassware.

Rook took again freely, and then the lawyer produced his "Master's deed," and proceeded to read it to his listening friend, who nodded several times with sleep before he had read the long documents through.

He had prepared it with the same care as if it had been a genuine document, for he did not know but he might be called to testify; it might be subjected; but if he could have calculated upon the precise degree of intoxication to which he might be lulled, he could have copied and read to him a portion of Magna Charta.

"Now, you see," he said, nudging Hazel to keep him awake, "all it wants is your signature to your name here, as party of the second part."

"Yes—part of second part. I understand all about that. Go—go ahead."

Mr. Rook, after inspecting the full name of his drowsy client, wrote it in the deed in a bold, strong hand, which showed no disturbance of the nerves of the writer. He continued:

"Now, then," said Hazel, whose increasing drowsiness he feared might overcome his waning will, "now, then, sign it, and give it to me."

"Is that all? Is nothing more needed here before a commissioner?"

"No, sir; I have never mind that to—to-night. I don't feel well. I'll bring it back in the morning—and have witnesses."

"It's better to finish it. We'll just step around to a commissioner and do it in a few minutes."

"They won't be in. It's too—too late. I want to go home. I'm sick." Hazel's drowsy temper seemed suddenly to have given place to a slight irritability.

The lawyer, whose plan had thus far worked so smoothly, began to be alarmed at the sudden opposition to his suggestion, which he feared was to be attributed to something which had occurred to Hazel. He was afraid, from what his whole, but too now irritated mien should grow obstinate and unmanageable. He took a more adroit grow.

"Well, well," he said; "if you are in a hurry let us postpone the delivery of the deed for the present. It isn't exactly necessary that it be delivered in until it is perfect; and you can come down to my office to-morrow and we can [illegible] the out of town; say the day after that."

"Oh, that—that's the—the—the—the—that. I am going out of town myself—"

"Then you will be all the better for a little rest a few days."

"But not I do! She might change her mind before that, and there'd be fifty thousand more goes. No; come—come on. We'll finish it now."

Rook went to the black bottle, and said he would take another drop and then they would go went out. Wouldn't Mr. Hazard do the same?

Hazel said he thought he would, as he felt a little unwell just a drop.

His liberal host poured out a third of a tumbler-full, mixed about a teaspoonful of water with it, and handed the liquor to his guest, who almost half and half, gave it to him.

He himself took a like quantity, and the two went forth, Hazel still expressing his fears that it was too late for any commissioner to be found in office, and Rook as positively asserting a contrary opinion.

"Most of them, of course, have gone hours ago, I dare say, he said, "but I know one, a bachelor, who lives not far from here, and there, and keeps it open late at night on purpose to oblige people. He's a friend of mine, and once also to do. A lot of them he gets, too: he's a lawyy fellow."

"Is it he?"

"A fellow knocks off. We turn here."

They did turn there, and at the next corner, and in the next street, Hazel had no more any idea in what direction he was going than if he had been blindfolded. But every turn was made in front of progress which they made was bringing the pair nearer to the river and among the docks the Butterly, whose impatient eagle was at this moment waiting for the arrival of the ship of ivy, and ever and anon coming up to his line of vision, which he expected to assist his confederate and their victim.

Rook talked rapidly as they went along, in order to occupy the attention of his companion, and keep him from noticing either the distance or the direction.

Chiefly he talked about the Holt property, dwelling especially upon many favorable points about the house and grounds which he had purchased of Mr. Bryant.

This was a subject of which Hazel never tired, and as he listened he grew more and more eager to take decided effect, he seemed to have quite left his drowsiness behind, and entered into his former mawdlin state.

Rook's plan had succeeded again beyond up before his excited imagination; he hinted broadly at an early purchase of it, which he could move the portals to the temple of Matrimony, and that if he had not been a simpleton in modesty, and a pupil of Cupid's, he might have already been nearly or quite a millionaire. He was in the very act of drawing a picture of single life of grudging about the streets on a dark night to get a meagre dinner, when the hack stopped. He'd have his carriage, and one driver and two footmen, jet like the night, behind him, as many livery, too, for he was a kind of relation, [illegible] he was not quite sure that he would name if he chose.

Rook laughed and encouraged his tipsy tongue in way. They were very near the end of a street which was a mere alley, and the only light from which terminated within a few rods of the Butterly's pier. They, indeed, were already almost into a state of great agitation as the crisis drew on which was to decide upon the success of his murderous plot.

"Some lights, at last very late," continued Rook; "they stand very high, I suppose, that they can be taken down a peg or two when the tide comes in. Ha—ha—ha—ha! What's your tide? Where we got to, Mr. Beddleham? I wasn't aware that you were to be shot in the river, now. There stat any offices here."

The lawyer stopped suddenly, and suddenly. "So much you know about it. It's the very place for the—the—the—the—the—the—the—"

"Well—not—across there, any way. There's nothing but ships there."

"I know it," said the other walking, and we have to go a block or two down yet, and we can see the office from here; there is a light in the window. Come along."

Rook and his companion were walking arm in arm, and the latter held back forcibly at first, but presently, with some indistinct mumblings, he yielded and crossed the street.

The night was moderately dark. It was clear and starlight, but there was no moon.

A man stood on the river side of the street as they crossed, a few yards from the spot where they came upon the sidewalk, and seemed to be watching them. His figure showed but indistinctly in the dim light, and Rook, who felt that all now depended upon the promptness and vigilance of the hired desperado, indulged the hope that it was he. But the man turned and walked off in the opposite direction.

Rook and Hazel went on, very slowly now. The very last gin-sling which Rook was to take, for few pools drinks, was that at which, if at all, they must meet the mulatto master. The street lamps were few, and the houses from the river and the ferry buildings alone were lored, blended with the sound of distant bells, the hum of distant wheels, and now and then the answered signal of the watchman's rattle.

They have gained the pier now, and Hazel began to show signs of fatigue. The latter, his Rook is dragging, and darting quick glances to the right and left, found the dim lamplight which brooks over the wharf, where the shadows of the tall ships rising everything in impenetrable gloom. He can see nothing moving, but he thinks [illegible] a signal by his eyes alone, if he is at hand.

"Come, did you say, Mr. *Hazel?* Oh, yes, I'll go faster in a minute; *I'm looking for the light to Clerk's window.* That's the commission of the—the—the—"

His spoke loudly, and he was answered. They had entered his attention by a slight, a signal of recognition passed between them and the mulatto. Hazel heard this when himself, felt an iron-like grasp tightening upon his arm, which prevented his uttering another word or any sound. He was quickly dragged off the sidewalk into the darkness which covered the pier, and in a few minutes more he was on board the Butterly, and under the command of sufficient evidences of invocation to sustain the charge of piracy, if it were possible that there was a super mitor, who had shipped for the voyage, and who was ready to drop over the side in the choice of his parting spree.

Rook acted his part quickly and with not little nelve to attract attention from the five watchmen who were supposed to be protecting the property in the neighborhood of the pier.

The miserable man was put in close custody by the mate, who had been let into the secret, when he was alarmed by threats, and was in readiness to sail with the first favorable wind.

At daylight the next morning the Butterly left the harbor, and Rook moved down the bay, and long before Mrs. Sitterly could receive from his bookkeeper, her dreaded enemy was beyond the Hook, bound for a long voyage to some distant port.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FALSE AND FAIR.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"What an exceedingly beautiful girl!" exclaimed one gentleman to another, of the lady he was walking, and who had just lifted his hat in response to a courteous bow from the latter.

"There were three ladies in the group to which I was then addressing myself," was the reply, "and same it is necessary to inform you, as you seem to be somewhat short of sight, that one of them you doubtlessly refer, is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Sitterly, whose name you have not yet learned, for almost as perfect a brunette as she is a blonde, accompanied Mr. ——."

"What! our old procurer's widow? Then I have not been mistaken in the girl she adopted. Do tell me something more of them, particularly of the eldest one, who seems to be a—a—a—I must call upon them immediately, and I would like something of them before doing so. She interests me exceedingly."

"Anna? Yes. It is easy to see that. But for my part, I prefer the younger sister."

"Brunettes are so spiteful and fiery?"

"Brunettes, in my opinion, possess, in all their emotions than their fairer sisters. But Miss Sitterly, the younger, who represents and deceives the best of mothers, and whose quiet, yet beautiful face, is the very index to the true course of conduct which, while it is soon to be left motherless, will be a source of great sorrow upon that mother's heart?"

"Is it true, then, as I have heard, that Anna Bryant is guilty of such conduct. With that mother's precepts and example before her, I fear I do not. No, I do not so read that lovely face."

"Yet it is even so. You did not see the shifting of color, the quick compression of the innocent fruskness, nor, in your enthusiastic admiration, did you observe the slight curling of the lines of firmness about the mouth, that certainly do not indicate that truthful openness of the lower face, so surely indicative of an obstinate and unyielding disposition."

"No, I did not. But you excite my curiosity, and I shall not rest until I become fully in possession of the whole history of the girl whose beauty and apparent innocence have so much interested me."

"One proof of my assertions you shall see for yourself. Miss Sitterly has requested my escort to meet us again. You see this young man, who has been walking with them, and who is now in the exotic coat, and has set jauntily aside, and sit that he may be seen to the best advantage. He is young, brown, gentlemanly and vainglorious. Observe his manner to each of the ladies. Bryant."

There was an instant's pause. The latter salutated slowly, and as they neared the young group to which the friends were approaching, he directed the attention of her mother and sister with which he was walking to the fact that he so she pulled her handkerchief from her pocket, and the latter followed her example in this action. There was an almost imperceptible interchange of glances between the two ladies, and the young man stepped and lifted the fallen paper.

"Miss Sitterly, I believe," he said, as he required the second of the two friends; and the lady bowed in the affirmative. "Permit me to congratulate, with a lady he had highly esteemed in his youth, was married by the thoughts awakened by the incident to the present.

The acquaintance thus re-commenced was not allowed to drop. On the following morning, Mr. Selden became a frequent visitor at her house.

In company with his friend, Mr. Molten, in the evening he came to call, and after a while in something more than a friend of the eighth Anna Bryant was among an evening at the husband's home. Here, and elsewhere, he had many opportunities of observing the conduct of Anna. Her beauty continued to make a strong impression upon him, though he did not fail to note imperfections which Mr. Molten had pointed out, and to be painfully affected by them. They donned a singular lack of balance and of harmony in her character, and he soon had occasion to see that frankness and straightforward honesty formed no part of it.

Winning and gentle in manner, there was yet at times a tenaciousness that showed that her external acts were not the key to her inner emotions. In her society there was even a painful sense of something hidden, of a mind occupied with different, far different thoughts and designs than are then expressed on the surface. Had not his attention been so early called to her defects, he might not have been distrusted her, especially as she betrayed toward him that dangerous preference which, coming from a beautiful and intelligent girl, it is so difficult for any man, and especially a heart-free bachelor, to resist.

The young man, who had encountered her in the street on the day of her meeting with is the family, Mr. Selden never met at Mrs. Bryant's house. But he often saw him on the promenade, and in all public places. More than once he witnessed, himself unobserved, a meeting between him and Anna. And he could not but suspect that there was an understanding between them, even before he chanced to meet them at a rural resort, *a few miles from the city*, where they were walking arm-in-arm in close conversation, so absorbing that they did not see him until he was close upon them.

Anna started and blushed on seeing him. But she only returned his salutation by a slight bend, and seemed indisposed to prolong the encounter. He returned to the city by the same boat that conveyed her, but she was no longer accompanied by the person he had seen in her society. There was a party of young friends on the boat with Anna, and mingled with them until just before reaching the city. Then, as by accident, she singled Mr. Selden out for a side; and while expressing her surprise at meeting him so unexpectedly, and her pleasure at having been in her company was an accidental circumstance, she had overtaken her friends, and carelessly lost sight of her friend, she volunteered to take her to them. Her manner was quite very very winning, as she said this.

"I should not have mentioned this, Mr. Selden only that I *found* myself [illegible] speak to my mother of having met him in the company of a gentleman, and this same lady friend. Mamma! she is so trembligly watchful over me, and so anxious that I should not incur her's a moment's uneasiness. So please don't mention this [illegible] contretemps. Mr. Selden."

Requested and contemptuous as her plausible explanation, Mr. Selden could not but feel that he had not been himself to speak, and he only replied that he would be careful not to give her an uneasy to her request. He had never been so acutely painful as during this interview, and was most distasteful to him, and yet it seemed the only plan for some friend to inform Mrs. Bryant of Anna's frequent association with a young who was not admitted to her house.

Months before, Mr. Molten had given him the first proofs of Anna's systematic deception of her mother. Since then he had been much more with the family, and he was now the prominent husband of Emeline Bryant. Mr. Molten had not spoken, and should one who had so much claim to be admitted to the confidential circle of intimate friends such willingly?

Several days passed away, during which he debated the subject in his own mind, and did not present himself at Mrs. Bryant's. At the close of this period, as he was walking fast as he could, he met Anna and her mother in a carriage, on again unconscious Anna in company with the mulatto individual. They were seated on a bench in a retired part of the grounds, in earnest conversation. They did not see him, however, and he passed on unseen. At the recess, the man's less audible words reached Mr. Selden's ear.

"I shall be there with the carriage at nine precisely. Do not fail me."

"No, not to-night. I am going out with Emeline and Mr. Malton. As we [illegible] that will be much better."

She gave her hand to her companion, and he raised it to his lips. Then in silence they each took a different path.

That evening Mr. Selden was early at Mrs. Bryant's, and he had determined to say to her, or a communication that every moment rendered more difficult, however, he was relieved to find that Anna was about to elope with the ill-looking [illegible] in whose company he had so often seen her.

While hesitating how to introduce the subject, Mrs. Bryant relieved it by remarking her satisfaction in the prospect of Emeline's approaching marriage to Mr. Malton, a man of character and disposition, as well as his social position, calculated to be desirable.

"I can only hope," she added, "that Anna may be as fortunate. She has ceased to receive solicitude. Two or three years since she made the acquaintance of a young man, a gentleman of good origin, but knowingly given over to reckless habits, vulgar in his associations, and swept in a certain beld, dashing sort of good looks, entirely unprepossessing. He was very persistent in his pursuit of her, and I was obliged to exclude him from the list of our visitors. I am sure that time, I have failed to see Anna, and I am sure that time, I have failed to see Selden had obtained so strong a hold upon her heart as to render her unable to forget him, though it is difficult to understand how a person of her refinement could have tolerated him. My only hope is that she may put win the affections of some worthy man, and forget the unworthy one."

Anna was an opening not to be lost; and though he knew his words must give deeper pain to the mother's heart, Mr. Selden hesitated no longer. In as few words as possible he told her what he had seen on the day of meeting herself and his services at Mrs. Bryant's disposal.

He had hardly concluded when a hasty ring at the bell announced visitors, and to a moment's confusion Mr. Selden's words were added to, and almost breathless with consternation. The servant announced Mr. Malton, and Anna started with dread, and braced the nerves of Mr. Selden that the visitor might overt that determined disgrace from the beloved family.

Mrs. Bryant with a calm smile bowed him to be seated, and then observed to read it there with the emotion of agitation, and soon after the door parted quite alone, and only seen by the servant who let her out. Emeline had been in another room, and ignorant of her sister's movements for a considerable time. Even now she could not learn from a theory of cause for their strange conduct, though it was easy to perceive in the countenance of Mr. Malton took the same course as those of the mother and Mr. Selden.

Mrs. Bryant was the first to break the silence of the fugitive. It is sufficient that it was successful, and that one morning Anna was discovered, and indicated by the entreaties of Mr. Selden and Mr. Malton to return home. In another hour she would have been the wife of Mark Selden, and beyond their influence.

Mr. Selden was the most generous of men. As the months passed on, and he saw Anna's pride subdued, and apparently deeply penitent and sorrowful for her fault—he could not find it in his heart to withhold the forgiveness her every act and look seemed to crave. He first pitied, then sought excuses for her conduct. Perhaps her mother had been harsh in her dismissal of Mark Selden, and a feeling of generous indignation at any injustice toward him from any source led to excite her imagination, and cause her to believe she loved him, and to be willing to make amends by becoming his wife.

These men—men of Mark Selden's stamp—have specious tongues, "a world respect for himself." The poor girl was doubtless deceived in his disinterested and generous trust believed all his promises and protestations. She was very young and inexperienced, merely, who, with greater age and wider knowledge of mankind, would more many a time and, all, have an right to judge her harshly.

If he had added that her gentle type of beauty was always most attractive to him—that only his early knowledge of her deceit had prevented him from loving her, and that his—he might have made a plainer statement of the case, and might have refried at a more satisfactory analysis of his present feelings.

The truth was that he loved Anna Bryant, as he should have known, the moment he found himself thoroughly forgiving, for now nothing else could have been such convincing proof of the fact.

Scarcely more than a year after her elopement with Mark Selden, Anna Bryant became the wife of Mr. Selden. She had received his pardon for her deception and gratefully, indeed her unworthiness when he asked her to become his wife, but she was not the less sensible. Afterward she had responded to his overtures with a timidity that was almost shy, half reluctant tenderness, that, while it left no room for doubt, flexioned him into complete forgetfulness of the past.

Her character seemed to have undergone an entire change. They did not forget her former lover, and had given her hours unnecessary pain by referring to one, as one Mr. Malton seemed to doubt. He had found his self-confidence shaken, and his former wisely kept silent, after the engagement was announced, and the marriage took place with a quiet and chill of misgiving when he saw his friend stand by the side of the bride, and heard the words pronounced "false as fair."

But a long time has its fears seemed destined to no realization. Selden was happy. There was no reason why he should not be so. Anna and there might have been a shadow, but it was so slight that it was scarcely conscious of it. It was a necessity of his nature to love, and when he trusted, and when two or three petty instances of deceit, which she had practiced to risk his knowledge, her pretty penitence speedily removed the cause of doubt, and he believed that these were but the last struggles of a temptation that had been overcome.

Mark Sheldon had left the city soon after his marriage with Emeline Bryant. Where Anna had been married about two years, he had not seen him. He had been living a wild and lawless life in the far West, and had become a leader among the desperadoes who infested that region. Selden

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

GEMS CANNOT WIN THE HEART.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Gems cannot win the heart,
Though pure and bright they be;
May be their light,
On day-time yet depart!
Ah! no. Life's hidden, deep, mysterious strings,
Are never touched by these cold, glittering things.

What though the diamond's blaze
May lovely seem,
And like a glorious dream
May to its sparkling eye gaze;
They never light the waves which onward roll,
The surging waters of the struggling soul!

Give, says the lonely heart,
Not jewels from the mine—
For these I do not pine—
In them I have no part.
Richer and dearer are the gifts I crave,
Withheld them not—my life-long ill bless and save.

Affection's tender ones;
Love shining in the eyes
Or those whose love we prize:
These make our gathered wealth!
These are the gifts I crave; gold cannot buy
Those jewels; these alone can bless and satisfy.
Baltimore, Feb. 1866. 1867.

GOLD HUNTING ON THE BLOODY.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Old Joe Standish had a wide farm among the gold hunters, on a spleuor of yarns; and although he was not unfrequently accused of drawing upon a point a little, to make a favorable illustration, none ever doubted the truth of the main facts incidents of his stories. The following was considered one of his best yarns:

"Well, as I've said afore, Doc., Bill Manson and I was boys together in the employ of the old 'Rocky Mountain,' and many's the night once we had such a time with the Columbia, and the Taller Stove, and way down on the Arkansaw—and for that matter all over the whole Injun country.

"That same Bill Manson and me, has kewed all sorts o' times in our day; and I reckon of that ar' critter they calls the 'original,' really one can't say when, bound I's seen about as much on him, as any livin' human! The best observation we had on his history, was one time in Illinois, and that's the yere I'm goin' to spin to-night.

"Yer see, me and Bill had been down to Saint Vrain's fort, at the mouth o' Cherry, on the South Fork of the Platte; and arter a good time on't among the boys thar, we got cruiln for a couple packs of Injun coverins, and took a fresh start for the mountains. Well, we trapped up along Cherry, and down Woodpile, and never struck over across the divide ag'in to Cherry, and followed up through the Black Hills into the Bonin Park, and on to the headwaters of Arkansaw. Beaver was plentier then, than they be in these days, and we had made up a good many plews, catching them in the bluffs of the hills, as we went.

"Our luck was so good, and we was so busy tending our traps, cumin' our pelts, and keeping our eyes skinned for Sioux horse thieves, that cold weather come down on us afore we knowed it. I tell yer this wild winter winds come down through them parts and mountain passes, cruel, and we seen by the way our houses hanged clusterin' of a mornin', we should think time we was lookin' out for winter quarters; so we concluded to strike straight through the Pine Hills, afore the snow got too deep on 'em, and winter over in the Old Park, round Hot Urahs, where we knowed our nags would live high on buffler grass, and we could kinder visit with the Injuns, and live as high on buffler meat.

"Among them Utahs was an old fellar they called, in their lingo, 'Big Shoe,' and he was a kinder a heap o' pals for our kickshaws; and one day, arter all his pizen was gone, he wanted a knife fill and in his debt.

"'Well,' says Bill, 'yer can hev it for jist ten beavers.'

"'I haint got 'em,' said Big Shoe.

"'I reckon, then, I'll hev to keep the knife. It's took a heap o' Sioux skelps, and maybe it'll hev to cut some more hair for the Sioux dogs.'

"'I was a fust rate tool, was that ar knife, and when the'd Big Injun heerd it he took sheps, he couldn't sleep for thinkin' on't; so the next time he come to Bill, and said he'd

"'Yer knows I ain got no more plews for yer; but yere's some spleuor that I got down on the Healy. So of yer'll trade me the skalpin' knife, I'll trade it yours.' So Bill, he let Big Shoe have a bit o' antelope skin, with sign on to a pound o' tea and other truck, and tied up in it.

"Well, I don't care of I do,' said Bill, as he opened the skin and seen the beautifullest skalpin' grain lyin' there, all clear and bright as a bug fish o' Saint Leroy fellans. 'I do'nt—care—if—I—do,' and he handed he knife back to Big Shoe, and also when next off grinnin' as the good bargin he'd made.

"Arter he'd gone, Bill how-kard right out—'I tell yer, Joe, it's gold! pure ore, and I ain't worth at least two hundred and fifty dollars! That's a good spell for a feller to be sick, Joe, my boy!'

"Well, seein' that ar' trade, Bill couldn't think on anything else then the 'puller sand,' and that night he dreamed o' makin' tools for the Sioux by, and climbing over hills of pure gold, and getting dragged down in deep mountain gulches by lots of nuthin' but 'puller sand' and the first thing he did in the morning was to find Big Shoe and pump him about the Healy, and the location o' the gold diggings thar.

"For two or three days he and the old Injun would be off by themselves; and anything Bill had in his pack the old sleep could get over without the pelts. I never knowed my partner so liberal with a relation afore, and I knowed he was pumpin' him good.

"One night, arter Bill and Big Shoe had been out together all day in the valley, Bill came back to camp short and shabby-like and I ever did see. I send him a good ways off; he was grinnin' like a wild cat, and when he seen I was lookin' out for him, he fetched a couple of the heaviest kind of yells, and squatted down in a heap right into camp; and jumping from his saddle, grin another'ng her war-whoop Sioux had ever set the Utahs from thar village.

"'It's all right, old boy!' said he, as he left me a blow on the breast that knocked me almost into the fire; 'it's all right, and we must choke them Utahs off to-day, and put right out for the Healy!'

"'The Healy, Bill!' said I—'are you crazy?—what's come over yer now?'

"'Hip! ho! Whoop! We're bound for the Healy, boy! I'm arter the gold! There's heaps on't out! Big Shoe's told me all about it,—so let's gather up the nags and get ready for a start! I reckon it's bound to be cold and lonely pelts, anyhow! Why, we can make our forts in just no time; and then ride civility for Taos and the Mexican senorities! *Hip! hip! hip!*'

"So-then, Bill stripped his horse, and plunged in to overhauling our traps and packages scattered about the camp.

"Well, the upshot on't was, arter trailin' with the Utahs for a couple packs or dried buffler meat, he and I made a clehn of everything we had, lent a little pack o' truckin' kickshaws to woo on the way, of need be, and leaving our mustangs, all but the two we rid, and one for the pack, with the friendly Utahs, we took the great, wild trail leading down towards the Cannon-ball country. This trail kept along to the east'ard o' the Big Mountains, so that we had good grass and water all the way, 'cept when we had to cross the spurs, which was yet covered with snow. Game was plenty, so that we reached the head waters or Canada and the Pleus afore we ever had occasion to open one of our packs or our jerked meat. But when we struck westward over the mountain passes, in the direction of the starvin' Rye Grands, where buffler is never found in any great force, for that 'ar meat, we seldom at any reason, we had to feed on our dried provisions; and by the time we had crossed the Maxicun settlement, we had been out of food for eight outs a week, and I tell yer what, Doc., that 'ar' was the first time I ever knowed what it was to be hungry, right down hungry.

"I proposed to Bill to kill our pack hoss, and use his baggage ourselves; but he wouldn't listen to it a minnit, but kept right on among the Rye Grand settlement, and of we could hold out one more day, on roasted hides, we'd reach plenty. Well, so it turned out, for the same evening we struck Rodden's ranch, and killed a cow to eat. That ar' time, I reckon, I got a distant view of what starvin' was. But hym bye we used more of the canned brute, times I ever figured to see ag'in.

"We lived pretty high on the Rye Grandy, and made up for lost time. But we didn't stop long among the greasers, for Bill was in a hily old hurry to get among the 'puller sand' and the old Injun milled it, and was afraid—he said—he might be murdered in his bed by the greasers, of he stayed over a night, and so let the cat out o' the bag; and one day we started up the river for a place, up in the mountains, where Bill said he struck waist'ard up toward the head waters of the Healy.

"We'd hild it a little stock or wind this gone, and we made pretty good time. It was purty cold, even colder than it was in Illinois, and the ground was covered with sugar and other fixin's, and we had considerable trouble to find the trail we was on but this. But we did's grumble, so long as the game was still out, and our clothing was enough to eat; for we'd been told that war plenty buffler, in the Healy valley, and we was sure of keeping our eyes skinned for Comanch and Kiowa, (Kiowas) and hoping to find them, and the game, but we didn't see hoof-mark, nor other sign of either, for a long time, 'cept antelope, hogs and sich varmints.

"Big Bison had directed Bill to a high blufl on the left bank of the river where the river takes to the mountains, and a little below the mouth of the Sand Stone Creek, that jines the river there. That was the very spot where the Injun said he scooped the gold out, and where Bill was bound to go.

"We had took our last drink of pasale and water, and was mighty hungry, I tell yer, both, and the Healy was now but a few hours off, and Bill was in a hily old excitement, and was

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DISCIPLINE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Simple mamma's be a-spreading
Cloths and carpet with her legs—
Hinple knows when grandma's reading,
That she mustn't make a noise!

Hands to thy and as shebby
Cannot hold the slippery ball:
Now she's playing *reluctivity*
With her feet, for little—that's all!

Simply wouldn't cry, not she;
She's no lady—she don't use;
Sh—sh—sh! let grandma sleep!
She on pool—she wouldn't!

For she knows that it would shock her,
And how naughty that would be,
And that grandma wouldn't ask her
Is the cradle—doesn't she?

What her little pet is aeeding
For her playthings? I don't know;
It can't be our little darlings—
She don't cause her grandma so!

If she were a little elder,
And would then get most and cry,
Would make that dainty shelter she
Tingle sanrity—wouldn't I?

Come here, darling. (See her saunter!
To what way? it's done, I'm sure!
Where on earth did such a temper
Come from? Mother, eat it queer!

Don't you hear me? (See her running
Faster, and with louder feet from me!)
Oh, you little jade! you cunning
Beauty, come and get your toys!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE FISHERMAN'S WEDDING.

Good morning, miss—a glorious morning!"

"Aye, aye—a right morning for a wedding!"

"Are you bidden to it, Dan?"

"Oh, aye! me and my dame, and the lasses: the lads to leave the nets to-day, for you know, I suppose, it is her fancy to be married at the odd stroke at fourteen; for that was the hour she was born, poor lass! Proud enough the lads be, I'll swear you, and proud my dame be of 'em—she so stout and handsome—eight as you'll meet in these parts. Be you bidden, Ben?"

"Aye, aye; and glad I'll be from to join the party, seeing the lass were always a favorite o' mine and my poor dame thair's gone: I shall be grim my word to go up Rookton wi' Jem Ager. Ye'ly bide nigh him? laid up wi' a bad arm, and I wouldn't break my word to the lad; but my heart's grim', and, to speak the truth, I'll be bran a' yesterday in wi' Nelly, helping at the wedding cookies. I'll be bound, they two had never been to bed this blessed night, for I see the chimney-pot from the chamber window ha' smoked."

"Like enough, mate, like enough! There be nothing on earth the lasses do take so kindly as the making of wedding-cakes; every bachelor knows it be the gear of the smaller craft—the baby clothes. But there's not a soul in the village has worked gladly do a good turn for Nelly Brent as I and it's no wonder, for a sweeter nor kinder lass never set foot on the yellow sands."

"They ha' been long courting—"

"Aye, that were the lass's independence, lust —she would not hear of hamesking, till such time as she'd got together all the wedding gear, and needful stores aboard—sheets and quilts, I take it, not much like. To say the truth, mate, I be right glad the day's come, and she's to be made fast; for though the lass be as true as gold, she's over-pretty and light-hearted to go alone in this world."

"You're right, mate, you're right; and there's been more than one lookin after she prize."

"Aye, Ben Stratton, and, between you and me, there was no ugly craft within miles sizes, that my mind did misgive me would run foul of our gallant little sailor."

"Soul Hopkins!"

"Aye, lad; now I love Nelly-bas like one o' my own, and, when I saw that she was not for fooling the black, big fellow, as she should ha' done, by unhandering after other men's gear, I up and spoke to her fatherly-like, Ben, as you might ha' done, and she laughed, and says she, 'I will married yet, Master Rollocks,' she says—and then looked so pretty and merry in her way, you know, that makes a fool of a man; I couldn't for the life of me be angry with her, so I gave in comprehension, it do so. There was she, loving young Trenaddon, with all her heart, and holding out the tip of her finger, as you may say, to that hook-nosed lank limb of the devil. Lord! but women be the biggest puzzles ever sent upon this earth to plague it."

At these good sculpins thus talked over the approaching wedding, Nelly and Meg Stratton were busily engaged in the little cottage on the bridge-end, (for Nelly was an orphan and lived alone,) in preparing their frugal breakfast; after purloining of which, they set at work to put the last finishing touches to Nelly's wedding-gear, and joined therein by Patty Stratton and the bridesmaids. Before this momentous work was laid done, Meg exclaimed:

"Good gracious me, Nelly, there go my brothers! and you not so much as your hair done!"

"They are going to the boat, now," cried Patty; "and they'll surely call for us when they are ready."

"Then" cried Meg for the last time, as she succeeded in the formidable achievement of knocking that "bottom knob," for which she had thrown back her own head till the combined forces of her body "there!" and she rose from her knees, and, over Nelly's head, looked into the little mirror. "Well, now, I do declare! upon my word, if you don't look handsome, saints-like, using! Think on outh t the girl crying at now!"

"Oh, Meg, I can't help it!" sobbed the bride, throwing her arms round the neck of Meg, who, on her part, despite the risk to the finery, could not refrain from an hysterical sob.

"I am so happy, and I do so love him, and he is so good, and—I don't know—I—"

"Well then you must try to," said her downright friend, kissing her, and giving her a slight shake. "I hope Aaron 'll box your ears if you don't behave. It's too bad, it is, indeed, Nelly; there's no telling what bad luck you'll have in crying over your gown and gloves, too—see here!"

But smiles were dimpling Nelly's sweet face as she stood forth into her little parlor, where her friends had cleared and decorated with fresh flowers. A bevy of sprigs of which even the woman could not repress, grouted her, as she stood blushing in their midst; and when Aaron Franklen came in (having given his friends the slip, preferring a less public mode of conveyance to his bride's home), all in his wedding clothes—pink, wild-rising, sunshine—and plated in her bosom one of those white rosebuds it was his custom to bring her, saying: "It is the last I'll ever bring you, Nelly Hewtson," Meg, who was behind her, anxiously cried out: "For goodness' sake! somebody would her, or she'll cry all the way to church!"

They all laughed; and at that moment sounds of music coming nearer and nearer, drew all to the window; then a joyous buzza burst upon their ears, and a little convoy of boats came into sight, rapidly ascending the pools of jutting rocks, their white sails gleaming in the sun, their many streamers flattering in the morning breeze—the joyous notes of the full band swelling the willing echoes of the cliffs around.

That summer's sun shone upon no fairer nor more happy bride than she, who now walked, escorted by the gallant little crew and smiling bridesmaids down to the boat waiting on the bride's by the white flag and green wreath that decorated its prow.

In the next cane the bridegroom and his friends; then the bride with the band; then another filled with those bidden to the wedding; then more and more, mingled with well-wishers and neighbors, who had made holiday to do honor to the occasion.

Over the blue waters, where diamonds glittered enough to furnish a million brides, the boats ascended lightly with their gracious burdens; like white-winged birds resting on the waves; the streamers flying, the music struck up gaily; and again rose the triumphant chorus, as they bore away the maiden from the home which her own industry had reared, to the altar among the hills, the old church of Bonnyrig, some five miles round the coast, wherein Nelly had chosen —for the reason it lacks—to be married to the wife of Aaron Franklen.

The boat of the bride's veil fluttered out of sight; the last white sail gleamed round the jutting crag which hid the little bay from the village; and the groups and couples who had flocked to down and windows, to look after the party, began to gape, dispersed and withdrew, gossiping, by the way, to their homes.

Only when even the cliffs covered for above the little village inland, the wedding party long remained in view, and there was still much activity long after the village below and the lassies of the hem upon the beach had ceased to gape.

If any there had turned their eyes upward, and from the cliffs to those same cliffs, they would have seen, sharply defined, in dark outlines against the evening sky, the figure of a man, erect, motionless, gazing longingly out to sea.

They remained so for above an hour; you know, I suppose, it is her fancy to be married at the odd stroke at fourteen; for that was the hour she was born, poor lass! Proud enough the lads be, I'll swear you, and proud my dame be of 'em—she so stout and handsome—eight as you'll meet in these parts. Be you bidden, Ben?"

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"That'll do! go along with you—what vile stuff is this you've brought me? Is the lost all gone, then?"

"Yes, captain; and, to tell the truth, I've been losing and proving—"

"There, go, go! take the candle away, you'll burn the light! I'm beat under."

The man went, closing the door after him, and Meghorn remained, resting his chin upon his hands, from time to time applying himself to the liquor, which he did not seem to grow nice at, then gazing moodily out towards the sea. Presently the moon arose, and the room flooded by that same silver light which was now shining on the inland Nelly Franklen, gilding itself inexorably with the pure slumbers of the fair young wife.

CHAPTER II.

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON.

It was a pleasant home to which Aaron Franklen had taken his beautiful young wife, and it was full of comfort. Happiness had reigned there many weeks; and now, on a balmy, golden autumn evening, from the window of the parlor, where the broad glow through a casket curtain shed a rich radiance on the jasmine which framed the view on every side; and through the half-open door the rosy firelight playing over the well-waxed furniture within, gave cheer to a warm welcome, which the twilight, now turning chilly, made quite acceptable.

The young mistress of this pleasant home was standing in the door-way, and a smile of love was spread the preparation for supper; and, to judge by the bustle which was diffused through throughout the room, as from time to time she passed to and fro between the table and the fire, supper would be worth sitting down to.

Nelly was a good housewife indeed. Aaron's easy old boots (cut down to house-shoes) by no means fitted her, but scarcely Nelly ever looking now at the fire; and if you had asked her why she did so, she would have pointed to objects in the house-picture, was that favorite picture over which the husband loves to pore, she would have told you, "*He* is fond of it."

But, then, was it not?

But, then, was it not? that as the bands which had been a stranger, halted then at the door-clock, and so log after log consumed, the pretty face grew grave, and a cloud came upon it, which the light of love could not dispel—a cloud, and the hasty opening of the door, did not dispel.

"Why, Aaron, how late you are!" cried out her heart leap, saying, "Here I am, Nell; I'm home at last," and the husband was quite calm, and the cloud.

It was, until all the preparations for his welcome, she should withhold this which was more to her than life itself, from the husband who was dearer on earth.

She had been her custom to meet him half-way in the room, and with a kiss, that said more than words could tell, to lead her back to their own arms about her, and tell her back to their seat by the fireside.

Her heart yearned to do so now, with a double yearning, after her long separation from it by actions and ominousness—I should have made a mistake, perhaps, in saying that she would have done so, if she had not known that, when opportunity was given me? Fool! miserable, wretched fool that I was, to have let it slip! did I not avail myself of the last, the only chance?

He paced to and fro hurriedly; he threw back his thick black hair, and seized his broad-brimmed hat as he passed it, and put it on as he came from the cliff; his dark, deep-set eyes gleamed with pride, his lips were compressed beneath his pained lips, as he paused through them.

"Why did I not?" he repeated, striking his side heavily with his arm. "Why? because I am a coward, a poltroon, a wretch! I shrank from the ordeal, before the power of this girl! It was not that I feared to lose her love—that I felt I had gloried in—forsook my fellows and the goods this world has given me, and all for love of her—no, not that, and be an honest man—as *honest men*?" he muttered and paused again, as if he mocked at the speaker. "And this was not enough, but I must needs have more mercenary, my heart true to gentleness, my hand forged to honest toil! There was, when the sight of a village bridal would not have moved me, I must needs wish to see the crown a crown? Soul Meghorn, who has dared the dangers of the deep, who has fought with the best men—who, with the gibbet facing him ashore, has never quailed—I would have made myself a knave for—now shrinking from the meeting a man whom I could have slain in fair fight! Yes, if love was lawful; why should it not have met with love? Why should I not have had her? If I loved her! oh, how I love her, in spite of all! And she has me—she did, she did, when I first listen to me?—must me?—receive my first gift from me—have some memory